THE TRIVMPH OF PEACE.

A

Maſque, preſented by the Foure Honourable Houſes

OR

Fnnes of Court.

Before the *King* and *Queenes* Majeſties, in the *Banquetting-houſe* at *White Hall*, February the third, 1633.

Invented and Written,

By *Fames Shirley*, of *Grayes Inne*, Gent.

Primum hunc Arethuſa mihi——

LONDON,

Printed by *John Norton*, for *William Cooke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, neere *Furnivals-Inne*-gate in *Holborne*. 1633.

Opinion father to Admiration

Confidence

Projectors

Taylors wife

Embroiderers wife

feather makers wife

Fanfie

Laughter

Jollity

Admiration Dr to Opinion

Lady Novelty

TO THE FOVRE Equall and Honourable Societies, THE *INNES* of *COVRT*.

WHat words to expresse Your cheerefull and active desires, to present Your duties to their royall Maiesties, in this Masque: to celebrate, by this humble tender of Your hearts, and services, the happinesse of our Kingdome, so blest in the present governement, and never so rich in the possession of so many, and great pledges of their Parents *vertue, our* Native Princes.

Your cleare devotions already offered, and accepted, let not me want an Altar for my Oblation to You. This entertaynment which tooke life from your command, and wanted no motion, or growth, it could derive from my weake Phansie: I sacrifice againe to You, and under Your smile to the world, let it not repent you to looke upon what is the second time made Your owne, and with it, the Heart of the Sacrificer, infinitely bound to acknowledge your free, and Noble soules, that have left no way for a Poet to satisfie his ambition, how to thanke you, but with thinking, he shall never be able to satisfie it.

I dare not racke my preface to a length, proceede to be Your selues (the Ornament of our Nation) and when You have leisure to converse with imaginations of this kinde, it shall be an addition to your many favours, to read these papers, and obliege beside, the seales of Your other encouragement,

The humblest of your Honourers

IAMES SHIRLEY.

The Masque of the Gentlemen of the foure Honorable Societies, or *Inns of Court.*

AT *Elie* and *Hatton*-Houses, the Gentlemen and their Assistants met, and in this manner prepard for the Court.

The Antimasquers were vsher'd by a Hornepipe, and a Shalme, riding in Coates and Caps of yellow Taffata, spotted with Silver, their Feathers red, their Horses led by men in coates of blew Taffata, their wings red, and part of their sleeves yellow, Caps and Feathers all the torch-bearers in the same habite appointed to attend, and give plentifull light to the whole traine.

Phansie, in a sute of severall coloured Feathers hooded. A paire of Bats-wings on his shoulders, riding alone as sole presenter of the Antimasques.

After him rode *Opinion* and *Confidence* togerther, *Opinion* in an old fashioned Doublet of blacke Velvet, and truncke Hose, a short Cloake of the same with an antique Cape, a blacke Velvet cap pinch'd up, with a white fall, a Staffe in his hand.

Confidence in a flasht Doublet parti-coloured Breeches suitable with points at knees, favours upon his breast and arme: a broad brim'd Hat, tied upon one side, banded with a Feather, a long Locke of Haire, trim'd with severall coloured Ribbands, wide Boots, and great Spurres with Bells for rowels.

Next rode *Iollity* and *Laughter*. *Iollity* in a flame-coloured Suite, but trick'd like a Morice-dancer, with Scarfes and Napkins, his Hat fashioned like a Cone, with a little fall.

Laughter in a long side Coate of severall colours, laughing Visards on his breast and backe, a Cap with two grinning faces, and Feathers betweene.

Then followed variety of Anticke musicke after which rode sixe Projectors, one after another, their horses led by Torch-bearers.

The first a Iocky with a Bonnet on his head upon the top of it a whip, he seeming much to observe and affect a bridle which he had in his hand.

The second a Country fellow in a Leather Doubled and gray trunke Hose, a wheele with a perpetuall motion on his head, and in his hand a flayle.

The third, a grimme Philosopicall fac'd fellow in his gowne furrd, and girdled about him, a furnace upon his head, and in his hand a lampe.

The fourth in a case of blacke Leather vast to the middle, and round on the top, with glasse eyes, and bellowes under each arme.

The fift a Physition, on his head a Hat with a bunch of Carrots, a Capon perched upon his fist.

The

The sixt like a Seaman, A Shippe upon his head and holding a Line and Plummet in his hand.

Here variety of other Anticke musicke counterfeiting the voyces of Birds, and after these rode, a Magpy, a Crow, a Jay, and a Kite, in a quadrangular figure, and in the midst an Owle, these were followed by three Satires, two a breast, and one single, sided with torch-bearers. Then three Dotterels in the same manner and attendance.

After these a Windmill, against which a phantasticke Knight with his Lance, and his Squire arm'd seem'd to make their attempts.

These moving forward in ridiculous shew and postures, a Drummer followeth on Horsebacke, in a Crimson taffata coate, a white Hat and Feather, tip'd with crimson, beating two kettle Drummes.

Then 14. Trumpetors, in crimson Satten coates, white Hats and Feathers, and rich Banners.

The Marshall followed these bravely mounted, attended with forty foote, in Cotes and Hose of Scarlet trim'd with Silver-lace, white Hats and Feathers, their Truncheons tip'd with Silver: these upon every occasion moving to and fro, to preserue the order of their march, and restraine the rudenesse of people, that in such triumphs, are wont to be insolent, and tumultuary.

After these an hundred Gentlemen, gloriously furnished and gallantly mounted, riding two and two a breast, every Gentleman having his two Pages richly attired, and a groome to attend him.

Next after these a Chariot drawne by foure horses, two and two together, richly furnished and adorn'd with Gold and Silver, the Charioter in a Polonian coate of greene cloth of Silver. In this were advanced Musicians like Priests and Sybills, sonnes and daughters of Harmony, some with Coronets, other with wreathes of Laurell and Mirtle, playing upon their Lutes, three Foote-men on each side in blew Satten wrought with Silver, and every one a Flambeaux in his hand.

In the next Chariot of equall glory, were placed on the lowest staires foure in skie-coloured Taffata Robes seeded with starres, Mantles asshe-coloured, adorn'd with Fringe, and Silver-lace, Coronets with Starres upon their heads. In a seate a little more elevate sate *Genius* and *Amphitheche*.

On the highest seate of this Chariot, sate the three Howers, or Heavenly sisters, *Irene*, *Diche*, and *Eunomia*. All whose habits shall be described in their proper places: this Chariot attended as the former.

After these came the foure Triumphals or Magnificent Chariots, in which were mounted the grand Masquers, one of the foure Houses in every Chariot, seated within an halfe Ovall, with a glorious Canopy over their heads, all bordered with silver Fringe, and beautified with Plumes of Feathers on the top.

The first Chariot, Silver & Orenge.
The second, Silver & Watchet.

The third, Siluer & Crimson.
The fourth, Siluer & White.

All after the Romane forme, adorned with much embossed and carved workes, and each of them wrought with Silver, and his seuerall colour, they were mounted on carriages, the Spring trees, Pole and Axle-trees, the Charioters seate, and standers, wheeles, with the fellyes, spokes, and naues all wrought with Silver, and their seuerall colour.

They were all drawne with foure Horses a front after the magnificent Romane Triumphs, their furniture, Harnesse, Headstall, Bits, Raines, and Traces, Shaseron, Cronet, Pettonell, and Barbe of rich cloth of Silver, of seuerall workes, and colours answerable to the linings of the *Chariots*.

The Charioters in Polony-coates of the same colour of the Chariots, their Caps Feathers, and Buskings answerable.

The two out Horses of euery Chariot led by two men in habits wrought with Siluer, and conformable to the colour of the other furniture, foure foot-men on eyther side of euery Chariot, in rich habits also wrought with Siluer answerable to the rest, euery one carrying a Flambeaux in his hand.

Betweene every of these Chariots foure Musitians in their Robes and Garlands, were mounted; riding two a breast, attended with Torch-beaters.

The Habit of the Masquers gaue infinite splendor to this solemnity; which more aptly shall be expressed in his Place.

THis Maſque was preſented in the *Banquetting-houſe*. At white Hall before the *King* and *Queenes* Maieſties and a great Aſſembly of *Lords* and *Ladies*, and other perſons of quality, whoſe aſpect ſetting on the degrees prepared for that purpoſe gaue a great grace to this ſpectacle, eſpecially being all richly attired.

At the lower end of the roome oppoſite to the ſtate was rayſed a Stage with a deſcent of ſtaires in two branches landing into the roome. This Baſement was painted in ruſticke worke.

The border of the front and ſides that encloſed all the Sceane had firſt a ground of Arber-worke entermixt with looſe branches and leaues, and in this was two Niches, and in them two great figures ſtanding in eaſy poſtures in their naturall colors, and much bigger then the life, the one attired after the Grecian manner held in one hand a Scepter, and in the other a Scrowle, and a picked antique crowne on his head, his curaſſe was of Gold richly enchaſed, his robe blue and Siluer, his armes and thighs bare with buskings enricht with ornaments of Gold, his browne locks long and curled, his Beard thicke but not long, and his face was of a graue and ioviall aſpect, this figure ſtood on a round pedeſtall fained of white Marble, enricht with ſeuerall caruings; above this in a compartiment of Gold was written *MINOS*. The figure on the other ſide was in a Romane habit, holding a Table

in

in one hand, and a Pen in the other, and a white Bend or Diadem about his head, his Robe was crimſon and Gold, his Mantle yellow and Siluer, his Buskins watchet trim'd with Siluer, his haire and Beard long and white with a uenerable aſpect, ſtanding likewiſe on a round Pedeſtall anſwerable to the other. And in the compartiment over him was written *NVMA*. Above all this in a proportionate diſtance hung two great Feſtons of fruites in colors which ſerued for finiſhing to theſe ſides. The upper part in manner of a large Freeze was adorn'd with ſeverall compartiments with draperies hanging downe, and the ends tied up in knots, with trophies proper to feaſts and triumphs, compoſed of Masking Vizards and torches. In one of the leſſer compartiments was figured a ſharpe ſited eye, and in the other a Golden-yoke, in the midſt was a more great and rich compartiment on the ſides of which ſate naked Children in their naturall colors with Siluer wings in action of ſounding Golden Trumpets, and in this was figured a *Caduſeus* with an Oliue-branch all which are Hierogliphicks of Peace Iuſtice and Law.

A Curtaine being ſodainly drawne up the Sceane was diſcovered repreſenting a large ſtreete with Sumptuous Pallaces Lodges Portico's, and other noble peeces of Architecture with pleaſant Trees and grounds, this going farre from the eye opens it ſelfe into a ſpacious place adorn'd with publique and private buildings ſeene a far of, repreſenting the *Forum* or *Piazza* of Peace. Over all was a

cleare

cleare Sky with transparent Clouds, which enlightned all the Scene.

The Spectators having entertained their eyes a while with the beavty and variety of this Scene from one of the sides of the streetes enters *Opinion*, &c.

Enter

Enter Opinion, Confidence meetes him, they ſalute.

CONFIDENCE.

MOſt grave *Opinion!*

Op. Confidence moſt welcome,
Is *Phanſie* come to Court?

Co. Breaking his way
Thorough the Guard.

Op. So violent?

Co. With jeaſts
Which they are leſſe able to reſiſt,
Hee'l cracke a Halberd with his wit.

Op. A moſt
Strong Phanſie, yet we ha knowne a little Engine
Breake an ingenious Head peece. But your Maſter—

Co. Companion ſir. *Phanſie* will keepe no Servants,
And *Confidence* ſcornes to waite.

Op. Cry mercy ſir,
But is this Gentleman, this Signior *Phanſie*
So rare a thing, ſo ſubtile as men ſpeake him?

Co. He's a great Prince of th' Ayre, beleeue it ſir,
And yet a Bird of night.

Op. A Bird!

Co. Betweene
An Owle and Bat, a queint Hermhphrodite,

Beget of *Mercury* and *Venus*, Wit and Love.
Here worth your entertainement.
Op. I am most
Ambitious to see him, he is not
So nimble as I wish him, where's my Wife,
My Lady *Novelty*?

Enter Lady Novelty.

No. Your Wife? you might
Have fram'd a newer word, they can but call
Vs so i'th Country.
Op. No exception
Deare Madam *Novelty*, I must prepare you,
To entertaine a Gentleman, where's *Admiration*,
Our Daughter?

Enter Admiration.

Ad. Here sir, what gay man is this?
Op. Please you honour us, and bring in your friend sir,
Co. Ile doo't, but he prevents me.

Enter Phansie, Iollity, and Laughter.

Op. Sir I am ignorant
By what titles to salute you, but y'are welcome to Court.
Ph. Saue your selfe sir, your name's *Opinion*.
Op. And yours *Phansie*.
Ph. Right.
Iol. Mine *Iollity*.
La. Mine *Laughter*, ha, ha, ha.
No. Here's a strange shape.
Ad. I never saw the like.

Ph.

Ph. I come to doe you honor with my friends here
And helpe the Maſque?

Op. You'le doe a ſpeciall favour.

Ph. How many Antimaſques ha they? Of what nature?
For theſe are Phanſies that take moſt, your dull
And phlegmaticke inuentions are exploded,
Giue mee a nimble Antimaſque.

Op. They haue none ſir.

La. No Antimaſque? ide laugh at that i'faith.

Iol. What make wee here? No Iollity?

Ph. No Antimaſque.
Bid 'em downe with the Sceane, and fell the Timber,
Send *Iupiter* to graſſe, and bid *Apollo*
Keepe Cowes againe, take all their gods and goddeſſes,
For theſe muſt farſe up this nights entertainement,
And pray the Court may haue ſome mercy on 'em.
They will bee jeerd to death elſe for their ignorance,
The foule of wit moues here, yet there be ſome
If my intelligence faile not, meane to ſhew
Themſelues jeere Majors, ſome tall Crittick's haue
Planted Artillery and wit murderers.
No Antimaſque? Let 'em looke too't.

Op. I have heard ſir;
Confidence made them truſt, you'de furniſh 'em,
I feare they ſhould haue made their addreſſe earlier
To your invention, but your braine's nimble,
Pray, for the expectation that's vpon 'em
Lend them ſome witty fancies, ſet ſome engines
In motion, that may conduce to the deſigne,
I am their friend againſt the Croude that enuy 'em
And ſince they come with pure deuotions

To sacrifice their duties to the King
And Queene, I wish 'em prosper.

Ph. You have charmd me,
Ile be their friend to night, I have a Fancy
Already.

La. Let it be fidiculous.

Co. And Confident.

Iol. And Iolly.

Ph. The first Antimasque
We will present our selves in our owne persons,
What thinke you on't? most grave *Opinion*
You shall doe well to lead the dance, and give it
Authority with your face, your Lady may
Admire what she finds new.

No. I shall applaud
The Novelties.

Ad. And I admire.

Ph. They tumble
My skull's too narrow.

La. Now his Phansies caper.

Ph. Confidence, waite you upon *Opinion*
Here *Admiration*, there *Novelty*
This is a place for *Iollity* and *Laughter*
Phansie will dance himselfe too.

The first Antimasque the dance expressing the natures of the Presenters.

Ph. How like you this device?

Op. Tis handsome—but

La. Opinion will like nothing.

No. It seemes new.

Co. 'Twas bold.

Iol. Twas Iocund.

La. Did not I doe the foole well?

Ad. Most Admirably.

La. Nay, and the Ladies doe but take
My part, and Laugh at me, I am made, ha, ha.

Op. I could wish something sir, of other nature
To satisfie the present expectation.

Ph. I imagine, nay, I'me not ignorant of proprieties
And persons, tis a time of peace, ile fit you.
And instantly make you a representation
Of the effects.

Op. Of peace? I like that well.

Ph. And since in nothing, they are more expresst
Then in good fellowship, ile present you with a Taverne.

A Taverne is discovered in the Scene.

No. A spicke and span new Taverne.

Ad. Wonderfull, heere was none within two minutes.

La. No such wonder Lady, Tauernes are quickly up, it is but hanging out a Bush at a Noblemans doore, or an Aldermans gate, and tis made instantly.

Co. Wil't please you Ladies to except the wine?

Iol. Well sayd *Confidence.*

No. It will bee new for Ladies
To go to th' Taverne, but it may be a fashion,
Follow mee *Admiration.*

La. And the foole,
I may supply the absence of your Fidlers.

Iol. If wee can, lets leave *Opinion* behind us,
Phansie will make him drunke,

Exeunt to the Taverne.

Another *Antimaſque* of the
Maſter of the Taverne,
His wife,
and Servants. after theſe—

A Maquerelle.
Two Wenches.
Two wanton Gamſters.
} Theſe hauing danc'd and expreſſed their natures goe into the Taverne, then—

A Gentleman.
Beggers 4.
} The Gentleman firſt danceth alone: to him the Beggers, he beſtowes his charity, the Cripples vpon his going off, throw away their leggs, and dance.

Op. I am glad they are off, are theſe effects of peace?
Corruption rather.

Ph. Oh the Beggers ſhew
The benefit of peace.

Op. Their very breath
Hath ſtifled all the Candles, poyſond the
Perfumes, Beggers a fit preſentment? how!
They cleaue ſtill to my noſthtill, I muſt tell you,
I doe not like ſuch baſe, and ſordide perſons,
And they become not here.

Ph. I apprehend,
If theſe diſtaſte you, I can fit you with
Perſons more cleanly,
What thinke you of Proiectors?

Op. How Proiectors!

Ph. Here's one already.

Enter a Iocky.

This is a *Iocky,*

He

He is to advance a rare, and cunning bridle
Made hollow in the Iron part, wherein
A vapor subtly conueyd, shall so
Coole and refresh a horse, he shall nere tire
And now he fals to his pace.

Iacky dances.

Op. This other?

Enter a Country fellow.

Ph. His habit speakes him
A Country fellow, that has sold his acres
To purchase him a flayle, which by the motion
Of a queint wheele, shall without helpe of hands,
Thresh Corne all day, and now he layes about him.

The Country fellow dances.

Enter another Proiector.

This with a face Philosophicall and beard,
Hath with the study of twenty yeares, found out
A lampe, which plac'd beneath a furnace, shall
Boyle Beefe so thoroughly, that the very steame
Of the first Vessell, shall alone be able
To make another Pot aboue seeth ouer.

Op. A most Scholastick proiect; his feete follow
The motions of his braine.

The third Proiector dances.

But what thing's this?
A *Chimera* out of *Rablais*?

Ph. A new proiect,
A Case to walke you all day vnder water.

So

So vaſt for the neceſſity of ayre,
Which, with an artificiall bellowes could
Vnder each arme, is kept ſtill from corruption,
with thoſe glaſſe eyes, he ſees, and can fetch up
Gold, or what ever Iewels ha' beene loſt,
In any River o' the World.

The fourth Proiector dances.

Op. Strange Water-Rat!

Enter another Proiector.

Ph. This grave man, ſome yeares paſt was a Phiſition,
A *Galeniſt*, and parcell *Paracelſus*,
Thriu'd by diſeaſes, but quite loſt his practice,
To ſtudy a new way to fatten Poultry
With ſcrapings of a Carrot, a great benefit
To th' Commonwealth.

The fift Proiector dances.

Op. He will deſerve a monument.

Enter the ſixt Proiector.

Ph. This is a kind of Seagull too, that will
Compoſe a ſhip to ſaile againſt the winds.
Hee'l vndertake to build a moſt ſtrong caſtle
On Goodwin ſands, to melt huge Rockes to jelley,
And cut 'em out like ſweetmeats with his keele,
And thus he ſayles.

All the Proiectors daunce after their Antimaſque, The

Ma-

Maquerelle. Wenches. Gentlemen. Returne as from the Tavern, they dance together, *The Gallants* are cheated, and left to dance in, with a drunken repentance.

Op. I know not sir, how this may satisfie,
But might we be beholding to your fancy
For some more queint variety, some other
Then humane shapes, would happily delight,
And reach the expectation, I ha seene
Dainty devices in this kind, Baboones
In Quellios, and so forth.
Ph. I can furnish you.
Op. Phansie will much obliege us.
Ph. If these objects
Please not, *Phansie* can present a change,
What see you now?

The Scene becomes a woody Landschape with low grounds proper for hunting, the furthest part more desert, with bushes and by waies representing a place fit for purse-taking.

In the furthest part of the Scene is seene an Ivy-bush, out of which comes an Owle.

Op. A Wood, a broad-fac'd Owle,
An Ivy-bush, and other Birds about her.
Ph. These can imagination create,
Silence, observe.

An Owle.
A Crow.
A Kite.
A Iay.
A Magpy.
} The Birds dance and wonder at the Owle. When these are gone, enter

A Merchant, a Horse-backe, with his Portmantue. *Two Theeves* set vpon him and robbe him: these by *A Constable*, and *Officers* } are apprehended and carryed off. *Then*

Foure Nimphes enter dancing with their *Iavelins*. *Three Satires* spie them and attempt their persons, one of the Nimphes escapeth, a noyse of Hunters and their hornes within, as at the fall of a Deere, then Enter

Foure Huntsmen and *One Nimph.* } These drive away the Satires, and having rescued the Nimphes, dance with them.

Op. This all you will present?

Ph. You speake as if *Phansie* could be exhaust, Invention flowes From an immortall spring, you shall taste other Variety, nimble as thought. We change the Scene.

A Landschape the Scene. and Enter

Three Dotterells.
Three Dotterell-catchers.

Op.

Op. What are these?
Ph. Dotterells, be patient, and expect.

After the Dotterells are caught by severall imitations, enters

A Windmill.
A phantastique Knight. } The phantastique Aduenturer, with his lance makes attempts vpon the Windmill, his Squire imitates: to them
His Squire armed. }

Enter

A Country Gentleman, } These are assaulted by the Knight and his Squire, but are sent off lame for their folly.
and
his Servant. }

Bowlers, 4.

Enter Confidence, Iollity, Laughter, Novelty, Admiration.

Op. Madam accuse your absence,
No. We know
All your devices sir.
Op. Ha, what's the matter,
Confidence, Iollity, Laughter, Admiration,
And Madam *Novelty*, all drunke! these are extreames indeed.
Ad. Admirable *Opinion.*
Co. Be confident.
La. And foolish.

Ist. I am as light now.
Ph. Let 'em enjoy their Phansies.
Op. What new change
Is this? these Traines are heavenly.

Phansie and the rest goe off fearefully.

The Antimaskers being gone there appeares in the highest and formost part of the heaven by little and little to breake forth a whitish Cloud bearing a Chariot fained of Goldsmiths worke, and in it sate *Irene*, or Peace, in a flowery vesture like the spring, a Garland of Olives on her head, a branch of Palme in her hand, Buskins of greene Taffata, great puffs about her necke and shoulders.

Shee sings.

Ir. *Hence yee profane, farre hence away,*
Time hath sicke feathers while you stay,
Is this delight
For such a glorious sight,
Wherein two skyes
are to be seene,
One starry, but an aged sphere
another here,
Created now and brighter from the Eyes
of King and Queene?
CHO.
Hence yee profane, farre hence away,
Time hath sicke feathers, while you stay.

Song

Song 2.

If. *Wherefore doe my sisters stay*
Appeare, appeare Eunomia,
'Tis Irene *calls to thee,*
Irene *calls;*
Like dew that falls
Into a streame,
I'me lost with them,
That know not how to order me.

CHO.

See where shee shines, oh see
In her celestiall gayet)
Crownd with a wreath of Starres to shew
The Evenings glory in her brow.

Here out of the highest part of the opposite side came softly descending another Cloud, of an orient colour, bearing a silver Chariot curiously wrought, and differing in all things from the first, in which sate *Eunomia* or Law, in a purple Sattin Robe, adorn'd with golden Starres, a mantle of carnation Lac'd, and Fring'd with Gold, a Coronet of light upon her head, Buskins of Purple, drawne out with Yellow.

Song 3.

Eu. *Thinke not I could absent my selfe this night,*
But Peace is gentle, and doth still invite
Eunomia, *yet styllest thou silent be*

The Rose and Lilly which thou strowest
All the cheerefull way thou goest
Would direct to follow thee.

Ir. *Thou dost beautifie increase,*
And chaine security with peace.

Eu. Irene *faire, and first devine,*
All my blessings spring from thine.

Ir. *I am but wilde without thee, thou abhorrest*
What is rude, or apt to wound,
Canst throw proud trees to the ground,
And make a Temple of a Forrest.

Eu. *No more, no more, but ioyne*
Thy voyce, and Lute with mine.

Both. *The world shall giue prerogatiue to neyther*
We cannot flourish but together.

CHORI.

Cho. Irene *enters like a perfum'd spring,*
Eunomia *ripens every thing,*
And in the golden harvest leaves
To every sickle his owne sheaves.

At this a third Cloud of a various color from the other two, begins to descend toward the middle of the Scene with somewhat a more swifter motion, and in it sate a Person representing *Diche* or *Iustice* in the midst in a white Robe, and mantle of Sattin, a faire long haire circled with a Coronet of Siluer Pikes, white Wings and Buskins, a Crowne imperiall in her hand.

Song

Song 4.

Dich. *Swiftly, oh swiftly, I doe move to slow,*
What holds my wing from making haſt
When every Cloud ſailes by ſo faſt?
I heard my ſiſters voyce, and know
They haue forſaken Heavens bright gate,
To attend another State,
of gods below.

Irene *chaſt* Evnomia.

Ir. Eu. *Wee*
Diche, *haue ſtayd expecting thee,*
Thou giu'ſt perfection to our glory,
And ſeale to this nights ſtory.
Aſtrea *ſhake the cold dew from thy wing.*
Eu. *Deſcend.*
Ir. *Deſcend.*
Eu. *Deſcend, and helpe vs ſing,*
The Triumph of Ioves *upper Court abated*
And all the Deities tranſlated.

CHORVS.

The Triumph of Ioves *upper Court abated*
And all the Deities tranſlated.

Eu. *Now gaze, and when thy wonder will allow,*
Tell what thou haſt beheld.
Dich. *Never, till now,*
Was poore Aſtrea *blind, oh ſtrange ſurprize,*
That too much ſight ſhould take away my eyes,
Am I in Earth or Heaven?

Ir.

Ir. *What Throne is that,*
On which so many Starres do waite?
Dich. *My Eyes are blest agen, and now I see*
The Parents of us three.
'Tis Iove *and* Themis *forward move,*
And sing to Themis, *and to* Iove.

Then the whole traine of Musitians move in a comely figure toward the King and Queene, and bowing to their State, this following Ode is sung.

Song 5.

To you great King and Queene, whose smile
Doth scatter blessings through this Ile,
To make it best
And wonder of the rest,
We pay the duty of our birth,
Proud to waite vpon that Earth
wherean you move,
which shall be nam'd
And by your chast embraces fam'd
The Paradise of love.
Irene *plant thy Olives here,*
Thus warm'd, at once, thei'le bloome and beare,
Eunomia *pay thy light,*
while Diche *covetous to stay,*
Shall throw her silver wings away,
To dwell within your sight.

The Scene is changed, and the Masquers appeare fet-

ſetting on the aſcent of an Hill, cut out like the degrees of a Theater, and ouer them a delicious Arbor with termes of young Men their Armes conuerted into Scrowles, and under their waſts a foliage with other caruings to cover the ioyning of the terme from the naked, all fained of Siluer, theſe bore up an Architraue, from which was raiſed a light covering arched, and interwoven with Branches through which the Sky beyond was ſeene.

The Maſquers were ſixteene in number, the ſonnes of Peace Law and Iuſtice, who ſetting in a gracious but not ſet forme, every part of the ſeates made a various Compoſition, but all together tending to a Piramidall figure.

Their habits was mixt, betweene the ancient and moderne, their bodies Carnation, the ſhoulders trimd with Knots of pure ſilver, and ſcallops of White and Carnation, vnder them the Labels of the ſame, the under-ſleeves white, and a puft ſleeve full of gathering, falling downe to the elbow, about their waſte was a ſmall ſcallop, and a ſlender Girdle, their vnder Baſes were Carnation and White, with Labels as at their ſhoulders, and all this in every part was richly Embroydered with pure ſilver: their Hats Carnation low croun'd, the brimme double, and cut into ſeverall quarters lined with white, and all ouer richly Embroydered, as the reſt, about their Hats were wreathes of Olive, and plumes of white Feathers, with ſeverall falls, the longeſt toward the backe; their long ſtockings were white, with white ſhooes and Roſes.

Beneath these a Genius or Angelicall person, with Wings of severall coloured Fethers, a Carnation Robe tuck'd vp, yellow long haire bound with a siluer Coronet, a small white Rod in his hand, white Buskins, who descended to the Stage, speaketh,

Gen. No forraigne persons I make knowne,
But here present you with your owne,
The Children of your Raigne, not blood
Of age, when they are vnderstood.
Not seene by faction or Owles sight,
Whose trouble is the cleerest light,
But treasures to their eye, and eare,
That loue good for it selfe, not feare.
Oh smile on what your selues have made,
These haue no forme, no sunne, no shade,
But what your vertue doth create,
Exalted by your glorious fate,
Thei'le towre to heaven, next which, they know,
And wish no blessednesse but you. *The Masquers move.*
That very looke into each eye
Hath shot a soule, I saw it flie.
Descend, move nimbly, and advance,
Your ioyfull tribute in a dance.

Here with loud Musicke, the Masquers descend and dance their entry to the Violins, which ended, they retire to the Scene; and then the *Howers* and *Chori* againe move toward the State and sing.

Song 6.

They that were never happy Howers

Till

Till now, returne to thanke the Powers
that made them ſo
The Iland doth reioyce,
And all her waves are Eccho to our voyce,
Which in on ages paſt, hath knowne
ſuch treaſures of her owne.
Live Royall paire, & when Your ſands are ſpent
with Heauens and Your conſent,
Though late, from Your high Bowers,
Looke downe on what was Yours,
For till old time his Glaſſe hath hurl'd
And loſt it, in the aſhes of the world,
We Propheſie, You ſhall be read, and ſeene,
In every Branch, a King or Queene.

The ſong ended, and the Muſitians returned, the Maſquers dance their maine dance, after which they againe retire to the Scene, at which they no ſooner arrive, but there is heard a great noyſe, and confuſion of voyces within, ſome crying, they will come in, others knocke 'em downe, call the reſt of the Guard: then a cracke is heard in the workes, as if there were ſome danger by ſome piece of the Machines falling, this continued a little time, there ruſh in

A Carpenter. *The Taylors wife.*
A Paynter. *An Embroderers wife.*
One of the Black-guard. *A Feather-makers wife.*
A Taylor. *A Property-mans wife.*

Car. D'ee thinke to keepe vs out?

1 *Gu.* Knocke her downe.

Tay. Knocke downe my Wife, Ide see the talleſt Beefe-eater on you all, but hold vp his Halberd in the way of knocking my Wife downe, and ile bring him a button-hole lower.

Tay. W. Nay, let 'em, let 'em Husband, at their perrill.

2 *Gu.* Complaine to my Lord Chamberlaine.

Pro. My husband is ſomewhere in the workes; I'me ſure I helpt to make him an Owle and a Hobbihorſe, and I ſee no reaſon but his Wife may bee admitted in *Forma paperis*, to ſee as good a Maske as this.

Bla. I never ſaw one afore, I am one of the Guard, though of another complexion, and I will ſee't now I am here, though I be turn'd out of the Kitchin to morrow for't.

Pa. I, come, be reſolute, we know the worſt, and let us challenge a priviledge, thoſe ſtaires were of my painting.

Car. And that Timber I ſet vp: ſome body is my witneſſe.

Fea. I am ſure my husband ſold 'em moſt of the Feathers; ſome body promis'd me a fall too if I came to Court, but let that paſſe.

Emb. And mine embroyder'd two of the beſt habits, what though we be no Ladies, we are Chriſtians in theſe cloathes, and the Kings ſubiects God bleſſe us.

Tay. Nay, now I am in, I will ſee a dance, though my ſhop-windowes be ſhut vp for't, tell us? — hum? dee heare? doo not they laugh at us? what were wee beſt to doe, the Maſquers will doe no feates as long

we are here, be rul'd by me, harke euery one, 'tis our beſt courſe to dance a figary our ſelues, and then they'l thinke it a peece of the Plot, and we may goe off agen with the more credite, we may elſe kiſſe the Potters-lodge for't, let's put a tricke vpon 'em in reuenge, twill ſeeme a new device too.

Om. Content.

Tay. And the Muſitians knew but our mind now:

The Violins play.

Harke they are at it, now for a lively friske.

They dance.

now, let vs goe off cleanely, and ſome body will thinke, this was meant for an Antimaſque.

They being gone, the Maſquers are encouraged by a Song, to their Revells with the Ladies.

Song 7.

Why doe you dwell ſo long in clouds
And ſmother your beſt graces,
'Tis time to caſt away thoſe ſhrouds
And cleere your manly faces.
Doe not behave your ſelues like Spies,
Vpon the Ladies here,
On even termes goe meete their eyes,
Beauty and love ſhine there.
You tread dull meaſures thus alone,
Not ſatisfie delight;
Goe kiſſe their hands, and make your owne
With every touch more white.

The Revels being paſt, the Scene is changed into a plaine Champion Country which terminates with the Horizon, and above a darkiſh Skie, with dusky clouds, through which appeared the new Moone, but with a faint light by the approach of the morning; from the furtheſt part of this ground, aroſe by little and little a great vapour which being come about the middle of the Scene, it ſlackens its motion, and begins to fall downeward to the earth from whence it came: and out of this roſe another cloud of a ſtrange ſhape, and colour, on which ſate a young Maide, with a dimme Torch in her hand, her face was an Olive-colour, ſo was her armes and breaſt, on her head a curious dreſſing, and about her necke a ſtring of great Pearle, her garment was tranſparent, the ground darke Blue, and ſprinkled with ſiluer Spangles, her Buskins white, trim'd with Gold: by theſe markes ſhe was knowne to be the forerunner of the morning, called by the Ancients *Amphiluche*, and is that glimps of light, which is ſeene when the night is paſt, and the day not yet appearing.

Song 8.

Am. *In envy to the night,*
That keepes ſuch Revels here,
With my unwelcome light,
Thus I invade her ſpheare.
Proclaiming warres
To Cinthia, *and all her Starres,*
That like proud Spangles dreſſe
her azure Treſſe.

Becauſe

Because I cannot be a guest, I rise
To shame the Moone, and put out all her eyes.

Amphiluche ascending, the Masquers are called from their Reuels by other voyces.

Song 9.

1 *Come away, away, away*
See the dawning of the day,
Risen from the murmuring streames,
Some starres shew with sickly beames,
What stocke of flame they are allow'd,
Each retiring to a Cloud,
Bid your active sports adiew,
The morning else will blush for you.

2 *Yee featherd-footed howers runne*
To dresse the Chariot of the Sunne,
Harnesse the Steeds, it quickly will
Be time to mount the Easterne hill.

3 *The lights grow pale with modest feares,*
Least you offend their sacred eares,
And eyes, that lent you all this grace,
Retire, retire to your owne place.

4 *And as you move from that blest Paire,*
Let each heart kneele, and thinke a prayer,
That all, that can make vp the glory,
Of good, and great, may fill their story.

Amphiluche hidden in the Heavens, and the Masquers retired. *The Scene closeth.*

And thus concluded this Masque, which was, for the variety of the Shewes, and richnesse of the Habits, the most magnificent that hath beene brought to Court in our time.

THe Scene and Ornament, was the act of *Inigo Iones* Esquire, Surveyer of his Maiesties workes.

The Composition of the Musicke, was perform'd by Mr. *William Lawes*, and Mr. *Simon Ives*, whose Art gaue an Harmonious soule to the otherwise languishing Numbers.

FINIS.